

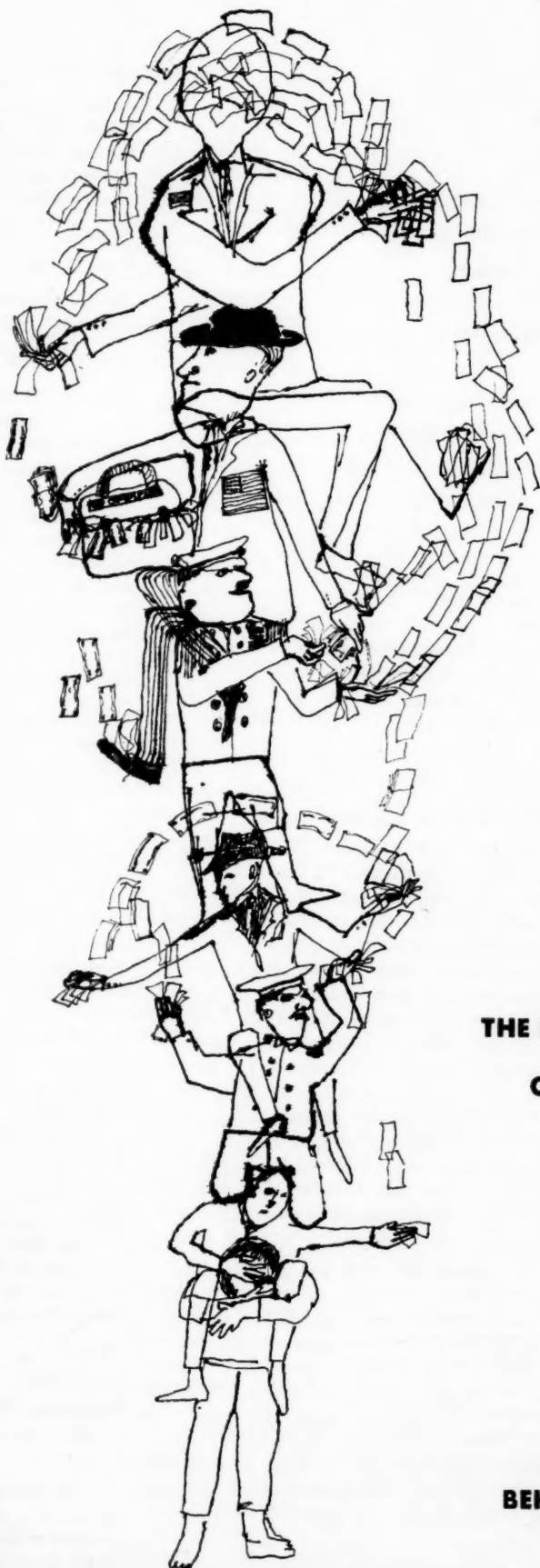
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# LIBERATION

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**THE DOLLAR SIGN IN LATIN AMERICA** Carleton Beals

**CASTRO AND THE SUGAR WORKERS** John Rossen

**STRANGE FLOWER** Lorraine Hansberry

**WE ACCUSE THE NEW YORK TIMES** The Editors

**BEHIND THE SCENE WITH THE BEATS** Jeanne Bagby

MAY 14 1959

# LIBERATION AN INDEPENDENT MONTHLY

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## In This Issue:

CARLETON BEALS has written a number of books on Latin-American problems, the best known of which is *The Coming Victory of Democracy*. He visited Cuba both before and after Fidel Castro's seizure of power.

JOHN ROSSEN operates a foreign-language movie theater in Chicago. A group of Spanish-speaking Chicagoans collected funds to finance his trip to Havana, on which his report in this issue is based.

PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE is a young Congregationalist minister whose poetry has appeared in *LIBERATION*, the *Commonweal*, and other magazines. In a recent article in the *New York Times*, he was referred to as the chaplain of the Beat Generation.

The Library of Congress recently made a recording of GIL ORLOVITZ reading from his works.

JEANNE S. BAGBY's poem "At Shiloh" appeared in the March *LIBERATION*.

LORRAINE HANSBERRY's first play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, has been judged the best play of the current Broadway season by the *New York* drama critics. Miss Hansberry, who is the first Negro dramatist to have been thus honored, will be twenty-nine this month. She took an active part in sponsoring the Youth March for Integration, which

drew almost thirty thousand students to Washington on April 18 of this year. *LIBERATION* Editor Bayard Rustin was co-ordinator for the March.

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI is the author of *War Without Violence*.

THE COVER is by Vera Williams.

THREE MONTHS AGO, *LIBERATION* published Elinor Gene Hoffman's "Trapped by Thomas Jefferson," a personal account of how a liberal white family broke through the integration barrier in Pasadena. Mrs. Hoffman's article aroused such widespread interest that the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith has ordered copies for mass distribution, and she is now writing a weekly column for the *New York Amsterdam News*. An attractive 16-page pamphlet consisting of the original article and a special introduction by Martin Luther King, Jr. is now available from *LIBERATION* at 15 cents a copy. (Reduced rates on bulk orders.)

One of the 17 persons arrested for resisting the *New York City* Civil Defense drill on April 17th was DAVID McREYNOLDS, Editorial Secretary of *LIBERATION*. McReynolds had announced his intention to defy the drill in a letter that was featured on the front page of the *Village Voice* and published in the "Letters" column of the *New York Post*. Publication of his letters prompted at least three people to join the protest.

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## OFFICE OF SELF-CENSORSHIP

On the basis of the episode, described on Page Ten, involving an exchange of letters between one of our editors and the managing editor's office of the New York Times, we charge the Times editors with conspiring to withhold information from the people of this country for the precise purpose of keeping them from expressing their opinions on a political question which was under intense discussion at the time. In the summer of last year, multitudes of people were deeply disturbed about the danger from fall-out to their children and to human offspring still unborn. Demands for a conference to end testing had mounted to the point where the United States and other nuclear powers could no longer avoid calling a conference and agreeing to suspend tests as of October 31, when this conference was to convene.

The Eisenhower Administration openly conducted some tests in Nevada right up to the October 31 deadline, a provocative maneuver which many people protested. It also planned a test of vast proportions in the South Atlantic. The Times had information about that plan weeks in advance and deliberately suppressed it.

To this date, so far as we know, no specific claim has been made that protection of actual military secrets involving "security" of the country was involved. So far was this from being the case that the Times itself reports that "at least one key participant in Argus felt that there should have been no secrecy whatever even beforehand". Rather, it "should have been proclaimed from the housetops!"

The issue was a political one: should the Administration with indecent haste pull off another nuclear test before the deadline for suspension? Moreover, it was an issue about which the people felt so deeply that if they had known that the test was being planned they might have mounted such a protest that the project would have had to be abandoned. The editors of the Times

decided that *therefore* the people should not be told.

The argument that in condemning the Times for concealing information from the people, we are asking it to "enter the propaganda field" is patently ridiculous. The Times itself entered the propaganda and public-policy making field by its action. It made itself an agent of those military men and scientists who do not want the testing and production of nuclear weapons stopped and who are departing from their professional spheres in an effort to determine public policy behind the scenes.

We are firm enough believers in freedom of thought and expression to say that these men have the right to hold and express their opinions, but on condition that there is free and open debate, that Congress and the people make the decisions of political policy and are given the information needed for intelligent decision.

We are not so naive, of course, as to be unaware of the fact that newspapers and other journals of public opinion often fail to provide clearly and straightforwardly the information the people need, and that the military, who spend millions of Defense Department money for their own direct propaganda, also exert vast influence over the press.

But for a paper openly to declare that it decided to withhold news from the people so that they could not express themselves on a political policy issue of great importance and to state through one of its spokesmen that it stands by the policy of letting (some) "military men and scientists" decide what is "fit to print", is a new low in self-confessed derogation of duty and surrender of independence on the part of the press. The Times is unique in this country and exercises vast power. All the more reason why it should feel a great sense of responsibility to the people and to the ideals of militant free journalism, should be ashamed of its conduct in the Argus case, and should abandon its policy of abasement before the military personages and military-minded scientists.

THE EDITORS

## STRANGE COINCIDENCE DEP'T

Perhaps it is unkind of us to call attention to Cuban sugar magnate Lobo's financial support of Castro (see Page Five) side by side with an honest and sympathetic report from Cuba of how Castro persuaded the sugar workers to abandon one of their key demands in order not to "interfere with the harvest". Such are the ugly realities of even the most idealistic violent revolutions. Even under the most favorable circumstances, they cannot be carried out without huge expenditures for arms. Almost inevitably, most of the money comes from those who may hate the "ins" but have, at best, a limited conception of social revolution.

As a matter of fact, in situations of extreme social unrest, capitalists often make financial contributions to both sides so that they will end up in control no matter who appears to win. In this case we do not have the facts and are not attempting to evaluate the sincerity of Lobo or that of Fidel Castro. But to paraphrase T. S. Eliot, deliver us from the man of excellent intention and impure financial connections. We doubt that Lobo financed the anti-Batista revolt in order to help the workers gain control of "his" sugar industry. And it will be interesting to see if Castro will be as brave in standing up to Lobo's checkbook as he was in facing Batista's guns.

A "revolution" which leaves unchallenged ownership by some people of the natural resources and the means of production by which other people must earn their livelihood is not a revolution at all, no matter how honest the revolutionists or how corrupt the outgoing regime. D. D.

## THE POLITICS OF MYOPIA

Today it's Cuba, Nyasaland, the Congo. Tomorrow it will be Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and heaven only knows what other country. Each night our Western statesmen go to bed with prayers that this cycle of revolutions will soon end. But it cannot end, it is inexorable. It no sooner cools off in a Viet Nam when



it erupts in an Algeria. It no sooner is concluded in a Venezuela when it bursts full force in a Cuba.

After a century and a half of colonial abuse, hunger, disease, ignorance and illiteracy, the so-called "backward" nations are now asserting their rights to freedom, independence and the good life as they never have before in history. The world cannot long remain half-rich and half-poor.

In the face of this the political myopia of the Western powers, including the United States, is incredible.

Two days before large-scale rioting broke out in Nyasaland recently, the Prime Minister of the Central African Federation, Sir Roy Welensky, assured a newspaperman that there was nothing to worry about. Internal peace was so assured that he assumed that he had at least twenty-five years in which to work out the nation's pressing economic problems. With a wave of the hand he dismissed Dr. Hastings Banda, leader of the African National Congress in Nyasaland, as being without influence.

Events soon proved how wrong Sir Roy was. A wave of strikes and riots was set off, which by March 9th had already resulted in 41 deaths and 64 wounded.

But the conscience of the West is so callous that instead of yielding to the just aspirations of the Africans, the government in Southern Rhodesia introduced the harshest type of racial legislation. Under its provisions the African peoples' organizations are declared illegal and the police are given powers that correspond to those exercised in Stalinist Russia in its worst days.

In the Belgian Congo, a similar blind policy is being pursued. The colonial government, confronted with bitter rioting, still refuses to set a date for African self-government. The British in Kenya, after years of Mau Mau warfare, do not feel impelled as yet even to promise self-government.

Here in the Western Hemisphere, the State Department seems equally incapable of joining forces with the "revolution of rising expectations". For years it supported tyrants such as Batista in Cuba and Perez Jimenez in Venezuela. A few weeks after Fidel Castro's victory, when rebellious forces were gathering for revolts in Haiti and the Dominican

Republic, the State Department announced that it would put its chips on the Haitian dictator and that it was giving him a loan to cement the policy. Neither Mr. Eisenhower nor any of his subalterns, all of whom shriek incessantly about tyranny behind the Iron Curtain, have as yet found the courage to condemn Dictator Trujillo in the Dominican Republic.

Our Western condemnation of totalitarianism in the Communist world is thus exposed as a convenient fig-leaf for a power struggle. We are against colonialism in Hungary, but not in Nyasaland. We are against the police state in East Germany, but not in the Dominican Republic. We are for the rights of self-determination of Tibet but not of Algeria.

Yes, the West is democratic—at home. But part of the democracy its people enjoy in the U. S., Britain, France, Belgium and elsewhere is paid for by the sweat, blood and tears of the exploited people of Africa, Asia and Latin-America. Until this is changed we can hardly maintain the pose of being "Christian" nations. S. L.

#### LEARNING FROM EXPERIENCE

It must have surprised many people watching a recent television interview with Camilo Leyra, who spent five years in the "death house" at Sing Sing waiting his turn for the electric chair before he was finally pardoned and freed, to hear him say at the end of the program that he was a firm believer in capital punishment. He had watched 38 people go to the chair while he was in the "death house", yet his carefully expressed opinion was that most of them deserved their fate, for the same reason, he said, that "a farmer throws away rotten apples." Leyra made it clear that he even understood that many of these people had had "no chance in life" and were the victims of childhood family problems. Yet this did not affect his conviction that capital punishment is a valid way of dealing with them.

From this interview we have to conclude again that, as many philosophers have pointed out, experience by itself teaches nothing. Leyra's many years of suffering in the "death house" did not affect his ideas on capital punishment. It is all too evident that we learn from experience only what we are prepared to learn from it. Something more than even

the worst horrors is necessary to make us change our minds. Unless something better is pointed out to us, we are likely to go on assuming that what we have always thought is the only possible answer. Leyra might look at material available from the N. Y. Committee to Abolish Capital Punishment, 2 West 64th Street, New York. R. F.

#### PLAY BALL!

Every spring we think of Heywood Broun's account of how he became a radical. While at Harvard he took a course in radical social philosophies and their fallacies. During the first half of the term, the professor invited leading socialists, anarchists, syndicalists *et al.* to present their views; during the second half he exposed their errors. But the last radical had hardly finished pleading his case when the baseball season opened. Since this particular class took place in the afternoon, Broun never did find out what was wrong with the radical approach to life.

We think that Broun was spoofing us. The real reason he was a radical was that he had an appreciation of the finer things of life, including baseball. In baseball, as in every field of endeavor in our society, the labor and talent of some people are cornered and exploited by others, who thereupon pose as pillars of democracy and defenders of civilization. But at least this is one field where it is clear who the V. I. P.'s really are. Almost any small boy would rather grow up to be Willie Mays or Ted Williams than Horace Stoneham or whatever the names of the owners and financiers are. D. D.

#### ROCKET

we shipped an embryo  
to the land of lichen,  
frozen in a tube,  
an unmanned ship.

when it was out of sight  
of the most powerful telescope,  
our radar followed some million  
miles more, when we had lost  
all contact, our race  
began to hope for survival.

Pierre Henri Delattre



# THE \$ SIGN IN LATIN AMERICA

CARLETON BEALS



A MAJOR FINANCIAL BACKER of Fidel Castro was Julio Lobo, Cuba's sugar king, who runs fourteen plantations and mills. Will this affect Castro's land and sugar program?

In Italy, Mussolini's major financial backers were the Perrone brothers, the most notorious war-time *pescatori*, or shark speculators—bankers, owners of big dailies and the Ansaldo steel works. Once in power, Mussolini's first action was to quash the report of the Royal Commission investigating war-time speculation, put the Perrones at the head of a new government bank, and bail out the Ansaldo works from post-war bankruptcy.

In Cuba, sugar is all-important: eighty-one per cent of the exports; and by-products assist the domestic economy. A big part of the diet of hundreds of thousands of sugar-worker families is sugar cane, without which these miserable people could scarcely survive, for though Cuba is marvellously fertile, the great plantations, largely absentee-owned, prevent the growing of sufficient foodstuffs, and the sugar-cane workers are unable to buy essential but expensive import items. Though living costs are almost as high as in the United States, sugar-workers rarely receive more than thirty dollars a month, for a maximum of four months a year. This is the bitter truth in the sweetness of your morning coffee cup. While you have been reading your morning paper (which failed to tell you the truth about the horrors of the Batista regime), many sugar-worker families have been wandering in strange doorways, sleeping in the public plaza, scrounging in garbage dumps for food. Out of this festering social sore come malnutrition, disease, illiteracy, begging, crime, dictatorship, eventually revolution that promises all and changes little.

Fidel is a strange messianic liberator, with an endless torrent of loudspeaker words about political and social liberation. Yet there is the paradox of the extremes among his backers: Catholics, Fascists, terrorists, liberals and late-Johnny Communists, and there is sugar-

king Lobo (*Lobo* is Spanish meaning "wolf"), and the mild-eyed bearded landless peasants of Oriente who strode the avenues of Cuba's magnificent capital for the first time in their lives—rifles in hand.

When Batista fled, Lobo, a tremendous admirer of Castro, exultantly compared his incredible routing of Cuba's American-trained and American-supplied army with Francisco Pizarro's conquest of Peru. Castro's retort was, "Yes, but there was a difference. Pizarro started, as I did, with twelve men but returned for more." Aside from the two historical inaccuracies in Castro's remark, he might better have retorted that Pizarro was *en route* to conquer a people, whereas he, Castro, was *en route* to liberate a people.

It was not for lack of aid from American business, the Pentagon and the State Department that Batista fell—after torturing and murdering so many thousand Cuban citizens and stealing the largest personal fortune on record. In 1957, immediately after the brutal murder of one of the finest men in Cuban public life, Pelayo Cuervo (on orders of Detective Chief Orlando Piedra after personal consultation with Batista), Ambassador Arthur Gardner, accompanied by American Embassy economic advisers and officials of the Cuban Telephone Company (subsidiary of I. T. & T.) entered the National Palace, which was still stained with the blood of unsuccessful revolt, to sign a new contract raising telephone rates. According to documents found in the office of Edmund Chester, Batista's public relations adviser, this arrangement was achieved by the persuasive outlay of three million dollars. Our latest ambassador, Phillip W. Bonsal, was for years a top official of this same telephone company.

The Cuban Light and Power Company (subsidiary of American and Foreign Power) also received many special benefits from Batista.

Pictures were published in the Havana press of Ambassador Gardner with both arms in desperate love about the neck of General Francisco Tabernilla, head

of Batista's army—one of the most ruthless killers and corrupt robbers on the island. Shortly, an American general journeyed all the way from Panama to pin a medal on Tabernilla's son, head of Batista's air force—for his courageous bombing of men, women and children on the streets of Cienfuegos, the Guernica of the Cuban struggle for freedom. The Cuban volunteer pilots in the U. S. air force during World War II then returned their American medals, *en masse*, to Ike Eisenhower. That slaughter in Cuba, one of scores, was perpetrated with American materiel sent for the "defense of the hemisphere." Whole towns in eastern Cuba were wiped out, thousands of civilians being killed but few rebels.

Nor did Batista lack American dollars. He increased the national debt by nearly a billion dollars; about a billion dollars of new American capital flowed in, plus United States government aid and military supplies. Americans, long conditioned to make contributions for foreign missions and other good works, have a mystic faith that dollars poured into foreign countries will produce prosperity, progress and freedom, that dollars will make friends, stop Communism and save us from the dreadful Soviet menace.

Private capital investment abroad may be free enterprise (whatever that now means) but it represents no free enterprise for countries where such investments are made; quite the contrary. International absentee enterprise sucks out more than it puts in, soon becomes a constant drain, distorts the local economy, prevents the development of the country in ways beneficial for the nation as a whole, provides no new capital, and stymies local free enterprise. Dollars can build roads and hospitals, drill for oil or dig out copper (with some low-paid local human help), but one thing is certain: they cannot buy love, create democracy, or prevent dictatorship or the spread of Communism. Cuba and Venezuela have proportionately more dollars than any other Latin American countries, yet where have there been worse dictators? Vicente Gomez, so lauded by our American journals, was one of the most frightful tyrants in history. More recently, General Marcos Pérez—thieving, be-uniformed, bemedalled, beplumed, a strutting popinjay—destroyed all human liberty for ten years. Our government added medals to his collection, then was startled when the people there spat in the eye of our Vice-President.

A formula for getting lavish American government aid and investment is now circulating in Latin America. First, set up a dictatorship, wipe out all opposition parties, close down the press and throw the editors in jail, wipe out all labor and social legislation, oust labor leaders, mow strikers down with machine-guns, whip up some Communist agitation, put Communists in jail over night, then give them fat government jobs so as to

have them on tap for demonstrations when dickering for aid.

Nor have we learned anything from Cuba. As soon as Batista fell, we rushed in a seventy-man military mission to Haiti—I suppose the brass booted out of Cuba had to have jobs somewhere—and we began to provide the payrolls for the tottering dictatorship at a cost of millions to the American tax-payer—this at a time when most newspapermen and editors (those not yet killed) were in jail expecting to be killed, and appeals for their safety were being lodged with the League for the Rights of Man in Paris, the Organization of American States, and the United Nations. The Haitian dictatorship, for which we now pay the expenses, was installed by General Antonio Kerekou, who drove out the established civilian government (to which we gave no aid) and turned his machine-guns wantonly on the poor quarters of Port-au-Prince, slaughtering about four hundred unarmed men, women and children. Though the Haitian dictator had just signed an oil concession ("Haiti has more oil than any Arab country") on terms not too generous for Haiti, probably the new pro-dictator move by our government had less to do with oil concessions than with the fear that the Castro "liberation" might spread.

Under the cloak of non-intervention, we still lend support, out of proportion to that given more needy democratic governments, to Dictator Rafael Trujillo. The playboy friend of both Trujillo and our late Ambassador to Cuba, Earl Smith, was Porfirio Rubirosa, whose notorious career up from certain questionable districts of Ciudad Trujillo is well-known to all Cubans. Several times a year, the Sunday *Herald Tribune* tucks in a voluminous illustrated special section lauding Trujillo and his works. This dictator, it will be recalled, slaughtered ten thousand Haitians on the borders of the Dominican Republic, piling their bodies in great heaps and burning them with gasoline, toting others in trucks dripping with blood to the shark-infested sea. Prominent Dominicans (those not murdered at home) have had to live in exile most of their lives; and even on the soil of the United States, enemies of the dictator have been assassinated with complete immunity. The New York police and federal authorities have long shown more interest in harassing Dominican exiles than in tracking down the murderers, and the latest moves in attempting to clear up the kidnapping (and possible murder) of a Columbia University instructor, Dr. Jesus Galindez, have been quashed.\* Yet our Ambassador to the Dominican Republic contributed to the last *Herald Tribune* pro-Trujillo spread an article palpitating with glowing praise for the dictator's achievements. Nor did Cardinal Spellman decline to accept a decoration from

\**Ed. note*: with the aid of former liberal Morris L. Ernst.



the red hands of the dictator who had slaughtered so many good Haitian Catholics.

What we give with one hand, we take away with the other. During the war, we persuaded Latin America to freeze prices on war materials and wages, though the injection of non-usable American dollars created terrible inflation (1,500 per cent in Bolivia from the Chaco War to the last year of the World War) with no increase in wages. Latin America had full employment, but never were the people more miserable. Then after the war, the countries had to pay triple for American consumer goods and replacement of worn-out machinery. This price squeeze cost Latin America billions overnight, more than we have ever given in aid.

Now, at long last, we are going to send money to Argentina. When Nixon was in Buenos Aires, he told Frondizi's officials that they could expect no help unless they promised to use none of it for the government-owned petroleum industry. A real squeeze, for Argentina had to have money for oil development or suffer economic ruin. Oil is its greatest import. And so President Frondizi turned Argentina's oil over to foreign capital. He faced rocky moments, but has apparently survived military and popular distaste for this betrayal. Thus in Argentina's case, we (I mean certain American corporations) have gotten our dollars back (at least in wealth equivalent) and more before the tax-payer's money is doled out.

Our economic nationalism frequently injures Latin American countries. A few years ago, we condemned the Nazis bitterly for their trade-practices: quotas, subsidies, barter. We have since adopted all the Nazi devices and have added new more complicated quirks. No commodity on earth is more regulated, managed with subsidies, quotas and varying wholesale price-fixing for local imports, than sugar. Cuba's sugar enjoys a twenty-per-cent advantage over sugar from any other foreign country. But except for providing a sure market for more than half of Cuba's sugar (according to quotas fixed at the whim of American, not Cuban officials) this fails to benefit the Cuban sugar worker, the Cuban people or the American consumer; the differential is almost entirely absorbed as profit by American corporations.

We have given Mexico considerable money to help fix up her railroads, build highways, etc. (provided the equipment is bought in the United States), yet when we decided to dump subsidized cotton on the world market, it cost Mexico and her growers, as well as those of Brazil and other southern countries, millions of dollars. It also shut Egyptian cotton out of the European market, forcing that country to trade with the Iron Curtain countries or perish. Our dumping of subsidized wheat has injured Canada, Argentina and Uruguay—occasioning losses far greater than any granted

aid. The damage caused to Argentina by the monopolistic Marshall Plan has cost that country far more than she will ever receive from American aid. Our petroleum quotas have injured Canada, Venezuela, Colombia, and this was one cause of revolution and the subsequent maltreatment of Nixon. Our official wool policy has wiped out the once strong feelings of friendship harbored by the Uruguayans, and it has injured Argentina even more. American speculation in copper has cut Chilean revenues in half. Our sudden tariffs on zinc, lead and other metals (due to selfish pressure interests and scarcely beneficial to our national defense interests) have injured Mexico, Chile, Bolivia and Peru to the tune of incredible millions. Indeed it is a wonder Nixon got out of Latin America alive, and it will be observed that Eisenhower, when he visited the president of Mexico, did not face the Mexican people but went to an out-of-the-way resort patronized by the "best" people—and nobody knows what the two executives talked about.

### Lost Magic

Thus the words "human freedom and justice" are not always stamped on the American dollars we fling so recklessly about the world. These dollars can still buy stooges such as Trujillo or Franco, where human liberty is dead, but they have lost their magic for the peoples of nearly the whole world. Though there are many selfish gimmicks in these vast outlays, there is little doubt that for the most part they are made with the greatest sincerity and good will. The trouble is that our leaders have an Alice in Plunderland concept of a world that exists nowhere in reality, only in the distorted ideas of our power people. Even our good liberals tell us that what the Voice of America needs is that the real America be presented to the peoples of the world. Who would dare do that? But far more important it seems to me is to shut the Voice of America off the air for at least a year and listen—listen closely, and with humility to the Voice of the peoples of the world. We are always "telling the world," but it is time we learned what the rest of the world is really like—that is, if we can really hear anything over the din of our national smugness.

I would prefer to end on a constructive note. But so long as our top representatives are going to act in a high-handed unilateral manner in political, military and economic affairs and promote international lawlessness in so many instances, I see no way to halt the continuing erosion of American influence to the south and in so many other places. The palliatives that might be attempted will be of little help, even if by some miracle they are earnestly and honestly carried through. It is going to take knowledge, time, yes, many decades, to undo the damage already done and now being done.



Report from Havana:

## CASTRO AND THE SUGAR WORKERS

JOHN ROSSEN

THE PLENARY MEETING of the National Federation of Sugar Workers had been going in the hall in Havana since 10:30 p. m. The 300 worker delegates, after formulating their demands, had been subjected to hours of oratory from union leaders and the Minister of Labor. But they straightened up in their chairs when, at two o'clock in the morning, Fidel Castro entered the hall and stepped to the microphone. This was the man they had wanted to see and hear.

His many years of experience in revolutionary agitation are reflected in Castro's skill as an orator. Clutching his ever-present cigar, and wearing his green fatigue cap atop his bearded head, he spoke slowly and extemporaneously. The hushed audience hung on each word.

He did not come before the sugar workers, Castro began, to tell them things that would sound nice to their ears. He came to pose before them the important needs and demands of the working class, the Cuban revolution and the country.

He reminded the *obreros* that their presence in this meeting hall, freely airing their grievances and formulating their demands for the first time in seven years, was a tremendous accomplishment of the revolution.

He participated in this meeting, he said, for the same motive as always, to discuss, to discover what must be done to carry forward, to insure, the final triumph of the revolution.

The Cuban revolution, asserted Castro, is without precedent in the 57-year history of the republic. It is not a revolution merely to rid the country of Batista and its gangsters, but a revolution against half a century of misrule in Cuba, first by one and then by another leader dedicated only to plunder and pillage. It is a revolution against the poverty, the backwardness of the Cuban people and for self-rule.

Castro wanted it understood, and he wanted all Cuba to know—the proceedings were being broadcast by Cuba's radio network and Havana's TV station—that it was the working class that suffered most from the cruelties, despotism and injustices of past regimes; that the Cuban *obreros* had justice on their side, and that he supported the sugar workers in every one of their demands save one.

Earlier, the delegates had formulated the following demands: re-employment of workers fired and black-listed during the Batista terror; reopening of closed sugar mills and alcohol distilleries; passage of a law requiring the addition of more sugar alcohol to gasoline for use as motor fuel; a 30 per cent increase in the scale for cane cutting; the establishment of a four-shift

(six-hour) day in place of the three shifts of eight hours (seven days a week during the sugar harvest), which it was estimated would give additional employment to some 40,000 unemployed, and the handing over of unused plantation land to workers for garden plots. Were the sugar workers to win their main demands, it would mean an average wage scale of \$3.40 a day—in a country where the cost of living (excepting, fortunately, the cost of fruits, vegetables and some sea foods) is comparable to the cost of living in the United States.

It was now obvious that Castro had come to talk the sugar workers out of precipitate action. His sincerity and the logic of his argument were so unassailable that he carried the whole audience with him.

Cuba, Castro pointed out, has a one-crop economy, based on sugar. In the present dangerously weak state of the economy, the disruption of the coming sugar harvest would be a blow that would topple the revolution. The sugar companies know this, and that is why they are doing everything possible to provoke strikes. They would gladly accept the loss of this season's crops in order to force from power the revolutionary government. Sugar workers must consider their strategy carefully; the time to hit the sugar companies is when they no longer have the advantage they have now.

A situation favorable to the workers certainly will prevail at the next harvest when the revolution has consolidated its gains, Castro said. He gave the sugar workers his pledge that he and the government would back them to the limit in the next harvest on every just demand; but for this harvest the slogans must be: full harvest; the nation's 4,800,000-ton quota must be achieved; no one must be permitted to interfere with the harvest.

"You sugar workers should not give up the struggle for your just demands, but only those forms of struggle must be used that will not interfere with the harvest. In doing this, you will be sowing a tremendous victory, the rewards of which you will reap next season. Now the *hacendados* and sugar companies have the advantage; in five months, the advantage will be to the workers."

On only one demand did he differ with the delegates, and that was the demand for the four-shift, shorter working day. This would be a just and correct demand, Castro said, in a highly industrialized country, where unemployment exists alongside overproduction; but in Cuba, where the problem is that the country does not produce enough, to shorten the workday would be only to spread the misery and poverty. The answers to the problem of unemployment in Cuba lie in another di-

rection—in agrarian reform, in industrialization of Cuba, and in a big program of public works. Agrarian reform is a keystone of the revolution, Castro said, and the sugar workers especially must give it full support.

He charged that the backwardness of Cuba industrially is due to the avarice, indolence and lack of patriotism of the capitalists, who, rather than risk their money in building up Cuban industry, have preferred the safety and super-profits of investment in real estate and *latifundia*, which earned tremendous rents at no risk to them, while they sunned themselves in Miami or the French Riviera.

Castro explained that the lack of industry in Cuba also is due to the fact that certain other countries use Cuba as a dumping ground for their commodities, and have gotten Cubans accustomed to buying and using foreign-made products. Is it not ridiculous to import American cigarettes, he asked, when the world's finest tobacco is grown in Cuba? Or to import canned fruits?

"We must start a campaign to use Cuban products, to demand Cuban products. This will build our industries; this will absorb our unemployed."

Castro was asking the working class to make a big sacrifice for the revolution, but he did not want them alone to make this sacrifice. He said he would propose that all government employees who earn more than 250 pesos monthly voluntarily accept a 30 per-cent cut in pay, effective until the workers win their 30 per-cent increase in pay. The rebel army was not paid this

month, he informed the delegates, and every revolutionary fighter considers it a privilege to make this sacrifice for the revolution.

He asked the workers—and all Cuba—to join in carrying through three great tasks: to bring in a successful sugar harvest; to consume Cuban products; and to carry through the agrarian revolution.

Castro had spoken four hours. It was dawn, yet there wasn't a yawn or a sleepy face in the audience. No one had left the hall. The delegates had frequently interrupted the address with enthusiastic applause. Castro had carried them with him.

When I got back to the little hotel, at 6:30 in the morning, ten or fifteen night owls were still standing around the TV set in the lobby, discussing the event.

The collapse of Batista's dictatorship finished only one phase of the revolution. There are many battles yet to be won before the *barbados* can chop off their whiskers. For a long time, the main fight will be on the economic front. With almost seven hundred and fifty thousand unemployed in a nation of six million persons, with almost a billion and a half dollars of the national wealth plundered by the Batista gang in seven years, with a peasantry and a working class wracked by years of hunger and oppression, and with powerful financial interests, native and foreign, still working to disrupt the revolution, Fidel Castro faces problems at least as difficult and as decisive for the revolution as any he tackled in the mountains of Oriente Province.

#### WHEN THE SNOWMAN MELTS IN THE NOONDAY

When the snowman melts in the noonday,  
I might whistle through the sun's teeth in reflection  
in the pool of small water that had been assumed.  
If any wave breaks it might be something of an eye  
tossed up upon the body when it isn't looking,  
for surely otherwise it wouldn't be accepted.  
As to the pieces of ice floating here and there,  
the members of the construction, no one but a child is permitted  
to identify them; there would be no suffering in his mind  
that we would know as cold pain, sticking  
in our hearts as a dagger of water.  
There is nothing more damning than what a child builds,  
so that I prefer such a pool which in this zenith glitter  
might have been anything, and I will rope it off  
by going away with shadows of shivers in the afternoon,  
and tell any passerby youngster that no crucifixion took place  
after all in the insects' quarry at the bottom of the hill,  
but that whatever melted now is frozen over. "And if you  
find any marks, it was I who'd been skating  
over my own reflection, far younger than you,  
with a fingernail, to make a heart no fluidity  
could pierce in the words: I love me."  
If he hurries, he will get down to it in time  
to discover it still soft enough to crack wide open  
with the blow of not having spoken to me at all  
in reply—as a Christ stands nearby in the falling dusk  
bundled in white furs against the cold and any child and any me.

GIL ORLOVITZ

## A SIGN OF THE TIMES

On March 19, 1959, the New York Times "broke" the story that the United States Navy, under the supervision of the Defense Department and the Atomic Energy Commission, had carried out "early last September" what was known as Project Argus. The Project involved three nuclear explosions, three hundred miles up, over the South Atlantic. The Times stated that "the tests were arranged hastily last summer to pre-date the deadline for the voluntary one-year cessation of nuclear tests that Washington had announced for last October 31".

The Times further declared that it had "learned of the plans for Project Argus last summer, some weeks before it took place. The information was obtained without limitation on its use. Nevertheless, scientists associated with the Government said they feared that prior announcement of the experiment might lead to protests that would force its cancellation". (Italics ours)

On March 20, A. J. Muste sent the following communication to the "Letters to the Editor" department of the Times.

Sir:

What an utterly tragic revelation the Times has now given of the way in which it determines what news is "fit to print", and how it interprets the responsibility of the press in a democratic society to provide the people with fact and truth. The fact of this responsibility is why, as its editors have repeatedly asserted, the press must be "free".

The government of our country deliberately undertakes to rush through some very big tests of military as well as general scientific importance before the deadline is reached where it has agreed to suspend such tests pending an attempt to arrive at an agreement to stop them altogether. The N. Y. Times is aware that the government contemplates this step. Surely, this is big news. It is also the kind of news which people need to have if they are to be aware of the attitude which key people in offices of military and political importance take toward the issue of nuclear testing and hence toward the whole problem of the cold war.

The Times, however, does not see fit to let the public know about the proposed tests because some "scientists associated with the Government said they feared that prior announcement of the experiment might lead to protests that would force its cancellation"!

Thus the Editors of the Times deliberately decided to withhold important news so that citizens who had shown they were deeply concerned about nuclear testing and related matters might not have the opportunity to protest in time. Who gave them this authority? Who are these men? What becomes of the whole idea of a free press which keeps the people informed if this is the way in which such information is handled even in peace time?

As for the scientists, when one suggests to them that for reasons of conscience they should refuse to work on weapons of mass extermination the answer is that it would be undemocratic for them to take such a decision in their own hands. It is a matter of policy which the elected officials and the people must decide. But they did not refrain during the War from working secretly on the A-bomb about which neither the people nor most of the Congress knew anything. And these scientists do not now shrink from trying to corrupt

the press and other agencies to keep necessary information from the people even in peace time?

Obviously, Khrushchev has again been handed a propaganda weapon since multitudes throughout the world will feel there is now fresh evidence that U. S. policy makers do not want to end tests.

A. J. Muste

Apparently the "Letters to the Editor" department decided this communication was too hot for it to handle, for on March 25, the Managing Editor's office sent Muste the following reply:

Dear Mr. Muste:

In your letter of March 20, you take rather an unusual point of view on the Times' publication of information about the Argus project. This is that the Times should have warned the world that this country was planning this unusual nuclear test. I think I can say that there was no information available to the Times prior to the test, although at least two of its reporters were aware of the event at the time. I do not think, however, that it can be argued that the Times should have gone against the wishes of the responsible Defense Department officials in publishing it at the time that such tests had been made. Actually, the story as published required many months to prepare and our information concerning the project was not complete until about the time of publication.

It seems to me that you are suggesting that the Times enter the propaganda field and, in effect, set its judgment above that of military men and scientists as to what can be published and when.

After all, the Times is a responsible newspaper and it must use its own judgment as to when the wishes of officials should be considered and when it feels it must go ahead in spite of disagreement in some quarters.

Very truly yours,

Robert E. Garst  
Assistant Managing Editor

In response to this astounding document, Muste sent Garst a reply dated March 30, in which he made the following points:

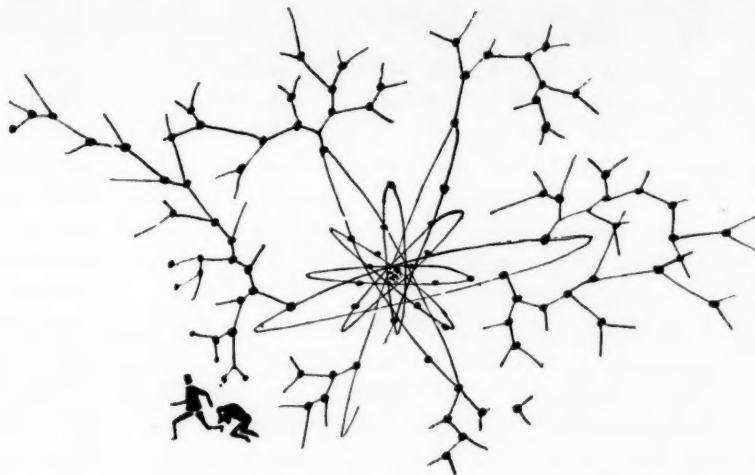
1. Garst's contention that the Times had no information about Project Argus was flatly contradicted by the Times' own story of March 19.
2. The original Times story said that its information had been obtained "without limitation on its use". Only "some scientists" had advised that it be withheld in order to keep the people of this country from protesting. Garst now talks about "the wishes of the responsible Defense Department officials", the judgment of "military men and scientists" and so on. Who actually said what to whom?

On April 8, Muste called Garst, who admitted that he had been in error in his March 25 letter in saying that the Times had no information prior to the test. (Question: Was Garst really so careless as not to have read the Times' own story on this point and to answer an important letter without checking? Or did he try to throw a smoke-screen over the matter? In either case, this seems to be a dubious kind of journalism).

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# BEHIND THE SCENE



*The Psychological Panorama Underlying the Beat Extravaganza*

Jeanne S. Bagby

"Real gone, man—like, way out—the END, dad!" This is what we used to say five years ago to describe the ultimate Experience, whether it came from music, drugs or just plain high spirits. It denotes departure from the ordinary, and especially from the humdrum world of the *squares* (conventional people of any type). The words may be different by now; they change every five years. But the goal remains—to achieve as many Ultimate Experiences as possible, and eventually, to Get There, to *Make It, Man*.

To some delineators of the *Scene*—especially during the last few years, when it has become labeled *Beat*—this is merely a mad search for pleasure, for *kicks* which are usually sensual, sexual, musical, mystical or narcotic. But the Beatnik himself becomes aware that pleasure is actually beside the point; he is trying desperately to make contact with an ultimate reality which is beyond pleasure or pain, which is eternal, immutable and essentially spiritual. Many Beatniks will of course deny this, since part of the game is to decry all labels. But from my experience as a member of this group which is not a group, a spiritual quest is their true motivation.

The *Scene* of which I was a part five years ago in New Orleans has mostly collapsed, with many friends now in San Francisco, some in New York, in Mexico, Miami and elsewhere. Some of us have won through to our goals, others have relapsed into *Squaresville*, others are still searching and making the *Beat Scene*, and a few have fallen disastrously by the wayside. Those with true creative talent have made progress toward more mature work; those who discovered that their talent was just an excuse to avoid the problems of life have either knuckled under or become full-fledged escapists.

The artists in our crowd were the kings, especially

the musicians. The entire *hipster* way of life was generated by their haphazard nightly existence, their work in dives promoting sin, run by gangsters and dedicated to fleecing the *johns*. The vision of drunken customers, often of excellent background, night after night seeking the illusions of glamored sex fantasies does not promote love for mankind. In jam sessions a lot of the disgust and misery would emerge in the form of competitive playing in the more aggressive musicians, and of further cool removal by the escape artists. There were always enough hangers-on to provide an appreciative audience, which if truly *hip* was marked by studied nonchalance and in-group lingo.

The painters, writers and actors existed in another world, but it overlapped enough at parties and sessions to make the hip lingo fairly universal among the 16-30 age group. (There were of course a few older *cats* who had defected from square security, casting away careers, wives and prospects in their need to strike out and search for a deeper reality.) The fabulous times were when some famed Character would roll into town and hold court at the favorite café, with news of the other *swinging* centers of the world. We were awed by these really *crazy* ones, but the fact that they usually *flipped* and wound up in jail or in mental institutions prevented us from too-literal emulation; it was safer to admire at a slight distance. It is mostly these fabulous Wild Ones who have been starred in so much recent Beat literature and publicity. But they are only the lunatic fringe and not the true center of the movement.

With detachment, one can recover a more complete perspective and understand where the Beatnik *Scene* fits into current life. It is certainly no new florescence. Back around 300 B. C. there was an even rowdier bunch of bearded and bedraggled non-conformists called the

Cynics. They went much further in attacking the conventions—especially since the local Roman police were not quite so well organized as our present-day fuzz. The Cynics were later regarded as a legitimate branch of philosophy, and indeed, they were the first to give women equal status as thinkers. Their name has been given to an attitude which remains with us today, having flowered many times down the centuries in various heretical groups.

The Beatniks may be regarded as modern Cynics—but only a few are as sincere as their ancient brothers. Few can see their situation as a part of the world struggle, or even as symbolic of individual growth—they are too involved in their own tiny arenas. Many never take a stand which will hold against real attack; their disgust with responsibility prevents any true moral allegiance. It is not hip to be committed to any belief irrevocably; nothing is worth dying for any more. Serious artists generally begin to arrive at some kind of personal philosophy; but if they become too serious about it, they are no longer quite as welcome among the world-weary ones.

The causes of this self-defeating cynicism are easy to see—indeed, they are so obvious that they receive little attention. Take any sensitive kid, send him off to war, give him a home full of conflicts and a real desire to break out and BE something—and you have a potential Beatnik. Corruption in society and the chauvinism of nations has become increasingly visible to all. The split between slogans and reality is glaringly obvious to any intelligent person. To idealistic youth, still tender from the moral injunctions of parents and schools, the world is a fantastic disappointment. When the disillusionment is reinforced at both poles—home and society—a total break is usually made. The Underground beckons; the war with society is on.

The young cynic begins to wander, and soon gravitates toward his fellow Subterraneans. He writes, paints, and sits around in bars discussing Art and other Beatniks. He dissipates as much as he dares. His view of the world becomes so negative that he refuses to believe there are any causes worth supporting, any organizations truly altruistic. He concentrates on himself and his friends—the stupid world can just go blow itself up. (And is this view so awfully unreasonable, after all?)

### The Spiritual Quest

Yet underneath this cynicism, a direction is emerging. If the world is too chaotic and insane to comprehend, one can at least try the ancient formula—"Man, Know Thyself." Driven inside by outside forces too large to manipulate, the Beatnik begins his deeper pilgrimage—the spiritual quest. This is usually a very private matter at first, involving only one's lover and oneself. It neces-

sitates a rigorous archaeology of one's own past, which can be felt pressing in, alternately producing misery and intoxication. The more intelligent Beatniks try all the techniques which come along—Yoga, Zen, Reich, Jung, Occultism, Dianetics, Ouspensky, General Semantics, Subud, the I-Ching. They become deeply concerned with *making it*—a form of self-realization which transcends the current psychiatry of adjustment to society. The core problem is usually the relationship with one's family—and the wiser ones come to see how it is reflected in their love affairs and creativity. Artists intent upon their work can transmute a good deal of this psychological garbage symbolically, but for the most, verbalization is the key. A famous musician said to me, "Man, I just gotta *know*—is life just for kicks or not?" It is the tension of not knowing which produces the endless ravings against society, the sordid jealousies and acts of destruction, the outbreaks of violence as a symptom is laid bare.

Most of the great religious mystics went to ridiculous lengths to invite and reinforce their God-experiences. Beatnik behavior is far less psychotic than the medieval self-torments. The peyote and mushroom cults exist even today among primitive religionists, and many are the scientific experiments attesting to the expansions of consciousness possible under various types of intoxication. William James' *Varieties of Religious Experience* and Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception* have become latter-day Bibles for do-it-yourself mystics. And although the results are temporary, they do open up enormous untapped regions of the mind which the Beatnik feels are the new frontiers. As with the ancient Hindu philosophies, Understanding, Becoming and finally, Being, provide a new route out of chaos into order.

Then, too, most artists have rebelled against their early conditioning in order to discover their true voices—and this has always been hazardous. Some of the greatest have been drunks, perverts and *bons vivants*, though this is carefully omitted from the schoolbooks. Rembrandt soaked in Holland gin—never! Whitman gay—impossible! But there is a good case for the Edmund Wilson view (*The Wound and the Bow*) that genius usually depends upon abnormality, or, if it does not depend upon it, is nevertheless often accompanied by it. This uninhibiting concept has, of course, led some Beatniks into extravagances to which they would not normally surrender. However, there are plenty of examples of fulfilled talents—and occasionally genius—which arise from abundant overflow of creative energies released by natural rhythms rather than through manic-depressive cycles or schizophrenic dreams. One may not become the shattering comet that one fancied, but it is quite possible to work through to a new and real kind of non-conformism based not on reactions but upon direct inner preference and creative living.



## Paths in Bohemia

My own experience may be typical. I broke out of the mold of my past soon after I came to the French Quarter, left my husband, dedicated myself to Art and experimented with everything handy. There were times of unutterable misery and self-torture, and also times of ecstatic mystical vision. I broke all the rules I had been brought up on, became involved in a relationship symbolic of my family problem, and the whole complex was projected into a world vision of a society so vast, authoritarian and corrupt that Outsider-ism became a kind of glorious martyrdom. I remember proclaiming once in a drunken rapture that I would become either a saint or a genius, and I felt this to be supremely true. (Now it merely seems beside the point!) My vision, my destiny glittered before me; all my sufferings were only beautiful sacrifices for the sake of the grand attainment. No social commitments could intrude, and responsibility was only relevant as an inner integrity to the vision.

It took about five years of frenzy and four of deliberate self-therapy to complete the break with the past and arrive at a more objective understanding of myself. Strangely enough, I have achieved many of the smaller goals which I then longed for, but not at all in the way envisioned. To most Beatniks I may look pretty square these days (especially since I am hereby *copping out*), but I believe I have found that Ultimate which I sought. That hated word—responsibility—has become a true symbol of the path we must eventually reach; it must

expand from the center point of individual integrity to embrace the entire world.

Today, even our stuffiest educators can be heard declaiming against the cipher-man; but they will rarely go so far as to admit that juvenile delinquency and Beatism are logical (if extreme) reactions to the world pressure towards standardized comfort. I believe with Henry Miller that it's usually better to be out *living it up* than safely home by the TV with a mild can of beer. Life is waiting for the living—and as long as our escapes are at least made of flesh and blood activity, we have a chance to grow beyond our conditioning. The non-conformism which is worn so blatantly by the Beatniks as a manifesto against society (in the form of dirty sneakers, smelly sweatshirts and paint-streaked pants) can also become a bulwark against creeping conformity.

I feel sure that many Beatniks have and will continue to win through to their own unique and valuable resolutions of the personal-universal paradox. Their constant urgency towards Ultimate Experience, rather than towards outer codes and vicarious living, will continue to work the alchemy of transmutation in their souls. Many will turn back, at the first glimpse of the dark precipice of the subconscious, which awaits their leap; others will dare and be lost; but many will find the supra-personal power which will carry them safely down, guide them through Hell as Dante was guided, and return them securely to Earth, with the promise of a realizable Paradise.

## FREEDOM TO PRETEND

Everyone, including Civil Defense officials and the most ardent Legionnaires, knows that there is no protection against H-bombs. But with the imaginative genius characteristic of politicians and ostriches, the government requires its citizens once a year to sit in parked cars, stand under awnings, or be herded into stores and offices as a rehearsal for the bomb and missile attack it seems determined to bring about. Perhaps the purpose is to induce a fear psychology that will accept the conscription of our funds in ever-mounting taxes to pay for ever-mounting military expenditures. Perhaps it is to get people more and more used to doing what they are told, no matter how ridiculous it is.

A growing number of individuals throughout the country are refusing to participate in this exercise in insanity. We do not have a complete report on the extent of opposition to this year's drill, but as we go to press Dorothy Day, Arthur Harvey, Ammon Hennacy, Karl Meyer and Deane Mowrer are serving 10-day sentences in New York City prisons (after having spent 5 days in prison awaiting trial) and 12 other resisters have been given suspended sentences as first offenders. Two non-sheep were arrested in Queens. In Haverstraw, N. Y., Vera Williams (LIBERATION's cover artist) and Ruth Best, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, were arrested for refusing to take shelter and distributing anti-war leaflets. In Philadelphia, 27 Peacemakers practised civil defense by handing out leaflets calling for nonviolence in human relations, and were unmolested by the authorities.

## TRAINING IN NONVIOLENCE

A three-week Training Program in the theory and application of nonviolence will be held at the former Manumit School, Cornwells Heights, Pennsylvania, from August 16th through September 5th. Members of the faculty will include Amiya Chakravarty, Dorothy Day, Dave Dellinger, Harold Feinstein, Roy Finch, Paul Goodman, Gerald Landry, Bradford Lyttle, Pat McMahon, Wallace Nelson, Theodore Olson, Bayard Rustin, Robert Stowell, Robert Swann, Ralph Templin, Al Uhrie, and Paul and Vera Williams.

The first week will be devoted to study of the lives of six great practitioners of nonviolence: Jesus, Tolstoy, Garrison, Thoreau, Gandhi, and Vinoba Bhave. The second week will deal with specific contemporary problems and projects: problems of the city, decentralization, the struggle for integration, anti-war activities, economic sharing, intentional communities, productive work, and the relationship of art to nonviolence. The third week (which will be open only to those who have attended some of the preparatory sessions) will be devoted to experiments in the anti-war and integration fields.

The Program is sponsored by Peacemakers and International Voluntary Service, and will include among its participants several foreign students associated with I. V. S.

For further information, write to: Al Uhrie, Box A, Glen Gardner, N. J.



# STRANGE FLOWER

LORRAINE HANSBERRY

THERE HAS BEEN no occasion in the history of this nation, or, I suspect, any other, when those forces which represent what is tiresomely but accurately called the *status quo* have not found *motifs* necessary to try to persuade the rest of us that our most passionate aspirations—to political and religious freedom, racial equality, and the ascendancy of all oppressed classes and groups—constitute heresy and folly. I am sure that George III could have explained at length to the colonists of eighteenth century America why things should have remained quite as they were. I imagine he would have begun by invoking something which despots invariably call “the Will of God.” Well, leaving God out of it for the moment (especially since it is difficult to know precisely how these people get their direct *communiqués*), I should like to suggest with regard to the Negro question in America that the situation, or at least the nature of the argument, has not changed perceptibly in three hundred years.

We are told that there is something called “the Southern way of life” which Yankees cannot possibly understand. We are told again and again that the people of that region have their own problems, their own mentality, and their own “solutions.”

It is true that it has always been difficult to determine to what extent one section of society can countenance the self-imposed degradation of another section. But it is not a difficult question at all when that degradation is directed at and deeply affects another group of human beings who are by no effort or sanction of their own responsible for it. Such is the situation in the South; such is, in fact, the situation of racism in America—all of it—North and South. We are asked to stand mute and without outrage at the free display of the sickness of the Southern bigot. We are told again and again that it is his problem to solve or—more truthfully according to history—to leave unsolved, as suits his malignant whimsy.

First of all, let us consider a simple truth which is all too often ignored in discussions of this issue. That truth is the obvious fact that there is no such thing as a Southern way of life, a Southern mentality, or a Southern anything else which is simply *white*. The people of the South are, and are more so than any other part of this country, *black and white*. Therefore, to presume to be tolerant and understanding and democratic in behalf of an entity known as the Southern people, is not possible unless we recognize that the white South is by no stretch of the imagination the entire South.

The aspirations of ten million black people in the Southern part of the United States are not less imperative and do not demand less attention, sympathy, interest and respect than those of their regional country-

men who are white. And let us be very cautious indeed about assuming that those dubious individuals who assume the spokesmanship for the white South are the true representatives of even the majority of the white people of the South. There is absolutely nothing in their method of election which would lead us to think so. In order to mature as a nation, we must once and for all get over the notion that appeasement of the Southern racists is desirable, reasonable, or just.

Moreover, what is at the heart of this “way of life” which we are asked to respect, and for which the public-school system in the South is to be placed in jeopardy? It is the most hateful ideology spawned by modern man, that of white supremacy. White supremacy, which was both mother and offspring of the European slave trade. White supremacy, which became the backbone of a culture that we are too often asked to believe was the flower of American civilization in its day: the plantation slavocracy. A culture drawn from the unpaid labor, near starvation, brutalization and enactment of atrocity upon four million black people in bondage. Such was the curious flowering of that culture, which for all of its leisure, for all of its niceties and importations of the luxuries of the world, offered absolutely nothing to mankind. Neither in science nor in art, neither in industrial advance nor in literature, did the slave South, with one cruelly significant exception, return a single notable gift to human society. *Gone With the Wind* notwithstanding, the splendors of the culture of the slave South were the splendors of barbarity; and how could be it otherwise?

What then is the heritage left to us from this spurious episode in American history? What the planters have left to us is merely the ideology which was the insurance of their power. It is still necessary for the youth of America to march on the national capital to denounce this relic of a repugnant part of our history; still necessary for the decent young people to pull back the cloak of false regionalism and see the Southland for what it is: the victim of its own delusion; still necessary to study the statistics on the welfare of our American people and see the price that the Southern people pay for the persistent and tragic folly of some of them. The time has come for all of us to stop speaking of the Southern problem only as it relates to the Negro question, and to begin to demand an accounting of the reasons why the Southern people, all of them, black and white, do not enjoy the same standard of living as the rest of us; why there are fewer and poorer schools, fewer hospitals, lower wages and fewer services for the people of the South; why there is less utilization of the natural resources of that region, and more illiteracy, more disease and more poverty.

And as surely as we draw the breath of life and know any responsibility to one another as human beings, we have a responsibility to take on the condition of life of all the people of this nation, because we are one nation, not two—and we are one people, not two.

I know the various vogues and restraints which haunt our present-day life. I know that some of us work at indifference and that others of us work even harder at what we hopefully believe is sophistication. I know that we are sometimes misled into thinking that he who speaks the word "freedom" with passion in his voice and a light in his eyes is a fool, a romantic, an idealist—or a fraud.

I have dwelt so much on the racial problem of the South that one might suppose I did not know that we have all the kindred rigors right here in New York. I

assure you that I do know this. And not for one moment should our feelings about the desperate situation in the South make us blind to our ugly failings in our own city—in housing, in employment, in social relationships. But the nature of the struggle is such that one must begin. And for my part I can think of no better place to begin than with the Little Ones. The Little Ones of the Southland. The children who must create the New South. The Little Ones and the Young Ones who must first of all have education, and plenty of it, free and equal and integrated.

I hope we never grow too "sophisticated" or bored to cherish and believe in, and, yes, fight for: dignity, freedom, hope, human equality—all those words which can never become clichés, because of the very aspirations they salute.

## LETTER FROM NEW DELHI

ACHARYA VINOBA BHAVE is speeding to Kashmir, almost marching on Kashmir. I would like the readers of *LIBERATION* to be on the alert. Important developments can be expected. With his unerring intuition of historical processes, the Marching Saint seems to have scented the gathering danger and decided to do what he personally can to avert it.

Vinobaji will enter Kashmir on May 22nd. He is making for his goal with all the earnestness of the Man of Sacrifice.

It is as if all his meanderings in the vast Indian countryside for the past few years had been preparations for his approach to Kashmir. For some time, I have been getting the impression that Vinobaji has developed a *mystique* of Kashmir. He has been pointing out that a single hydrogen bomb can change an entire situation. Could not the self-immolation of a single sufficiently significant man likewise completely alter a given situation?

Off and on, and increasingly as he nears Kashmir, Vinoba has been alluding to the international application of *Satyagraha*. One single life was not long enough for the Master, Mahatma Gandhi, to perfect the weapon of *Satyagraha*, in all its possible ramifications, as a strategy of socio-political change and as a way of life.

It is natural, therefore, for his apostle, Vinoba, to aspire to unfold further the strategy of nonviolence and love. True to the tradition of Indian saints, he is naturally seeking a final test of the spiritual strength acquired in a lifetime of discipline and search. He has started his *Shanti Sena* (peace brigades) in the hope of offering an alternative to the armed forces of India.

Thus I felt that there must be some special significance to Vinoba's impending visit to Kashmir. I wanted to see Vinoba to test my hunch.

The opportunity came to me on March 5th of this

year. Vinoba was camping in the historic Rupanagar in Rajasthan. The whole village was astir with new life; it will never be the same now that Vinoba has visited it, just as no other place has ever forgotten his impact.

Amidst this hustle and bustle, in a curtained room, Vinoba sat, unperturbed, surrounded by his disciples. It was evident from his face that the man had made peace with himself and with the world.

When I got a chance to get in my question edgewise, I grabbed it. I said: "Vinobaji, you have walked the length and breadth of the land asking *bhoodan*. Is your coming visit to Kashmir a normal part of the scheme of your activities, or is there something special about it?"

Vinoba thought for a while, and then said: "It is both a normal projection of my activities so far and also something special. The situation in Kashmir is different from the situation in the rest of India. I have said that I am going to Kashmir as a *Shanti Sainik* (soldier of peace)."

I saw the enchanting twinkle in his eye, and felt that my inquiring was to his liking. I asked further: "In connection with your visit to Kashmir, have you any idea of making further experiments in order to further develop the weapon of *Satyagraha*?"

He thought for a while, and then said: "I am going to Kashmir with an open mind. I want to study the situation there. Of course, there can be international application of *Satyagraha* also."

I pursued the point: "Have you any specific step in mind, Vinobaji?"

Again he pondered, smiling through his eyes, and added: "Gandhi used to say that one step at a time was enough for him. For me also one step is enough. I want first to study the situation in Kashmir."

Then he completed his thought: "There can be international uses of *Satyagraha*. But, for that, a whole nation has to do self-purification sometimes."

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI



# NOT SO LONG AGO

A. J. MUSTE

*Autobiography: Part 17*

## Transit to Trotskyism

THE ATTACK on Brookwood Labor College by the American Federation of Labor described last month was a symptom and symbol of important developments, which heralded big changes in many fields. The mere fact that the event occurred in 1928 in the thick of the Hoover boom and only a year before the Big Bust of October 1929 suffices to illustrate the point.

In my own work, it resulted not only in my remaining at Brookwood for several years, but also in the founding of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action and the renewal of my direct involvement in labor struggles and labor politics of a sort. At the outset, the C. P. L. A. was chiefly concerned about combatting corruption and racketeering in unions and stimulating organization in the mass-production industries, which had been totally neglected by the A. F. of L. After a few years the C. P. L. A. moved from advocacy of an American labor party somewhat along the lines of the British to the effort to establish an American "revolutionary" party, transforming itself into the American Workers Party. In 1935, the A. W. P. merged with the Communist League of America (led by James P. Cannon and Max Shachtman), which was composed of the followers of Trotsky who had been expelled from the C. P. some years earlier. The name of the new organization was Workers Party U. S. A., a section of the Trotskyist Fourth International. I was its general secretary. Concurrently, there was exciting activity from 1932 on in the Unemployed Leagues and in great strikes such as the one at Toledo Auto-Lite and the early sit-down strikes in automobiles and rubber, which led to the birth of the C. I. O. and its fantastic growth under the New Deal.

In 1928, I still thought of myself as a Christian, though I was not particularly active in any church or even in the Quaker meeting to which I belonged, and as a pacifist. In politics, I voted for the Socialist Party candidates at election time, without being a Party member, largely because I could never get up much enthusiasm for electoral activity, as against education on the one hand and direct labor struggle on the economic field on the other. I had begun a running battle with the Communist Party, which was to last for years, chiefly because I felt that the Party's policies in the trade-union field were usually inept, contrived and disruptive.

A few years later, I had become a Trotskyist Marx-

ist-Leninist and had accordingly ceased to think of myself as a Christian and a pacifist.

If I try to recall and to communicate to others how the change came about, I think first of what was certainly not the most important factor, viz. the reading matter to which I turned increasingly in the late Twenties. In an earlier installment I have recounted my excited introduction in 1915 to the writings of the mystics, mainly Christian, and of the Quakers and Anabaptists, and the effect they had on leading me to become a pacifist and conscientious objector in World War I. In the late Twenties, for the first time I began to read fairly extensively in the literature of Marxism, including Marx himself, Trotsky and Lenin. In the early and middle Twenties my reading had been mainly of historians like Beard, Spengler, and the post-World War I "Revisionists", Guild socialists like G. D. H. Cole, and the pioneer sociologists and social psychologists of that time.

I never became in any sense a scholar in Marxist and Leninist literature. To a large extent this is, frankly, due to a lack of zest and capacity for that sort of thing. I do not regret this as much as perhaps I should, because those who are Marxist-Leninist scholars differ about as widely as the less learned as to what the masters taught, and because Communist politicians have been able to use Marxism-Leninism for very diverse purposes, including some shameful and brutal ones. In saying this I am aware, of course, that power groups and individuals in power have also used other systems for varying and questionable purposes. In any event, I turned to these books and periodicals in the late Twenties as I had turned to the mystics and early Quakers a dozen years earlier, not out of academic interest but because I faced conditions and problems about which I felt I had to make decisions. The result of the reading was in each case *acted out* rather than written about.

In the earlier crisis, the problem had been what attitude I could take toward war which would be consistent with what I had been preaching and believed to be the meaning of the Gospel. In the late Twenties and early Thirties, I was part of the labor movement as an educator and in other roles, part of the movement for political and social change, in the midst of the Great Depression. How was one to analyze what had happened? What could replace the existing regime which would hold out greater promise for men? By what instrumentalities was the old to be removed



and the new world brought into being? What could one say to the unemployed and the unorganized who were betrayed and shot down when they protested? What could one say in answer to their question, What to do? What did one point out to them?

### The Irrelevant Church

Well, not the Church. That seemed to me more and more obvious, in that crisis of three decades ago. I was, of course, one of those to whom the support the churches had well nigh unanimously given to World War I and their persecution of the few pacifists had been mournful and searing experiences. While I did not feel personally bitter about that experience, I suppose the fact that I did not avail myself of the opportunities to go back into preaching which opened up fairly soon after the War was over and the tide of revulsion against it began to rise, itself indicates how greatly I had lost faith in the Church's relevance. By 1928, when war was not the issue, the prevailing sentiment in most of the leading American Protestant denominations was pacifistic and a large percentage of the leading preachers were pacifists.

But when the issue was that of the economic system, the class structure of American society, and related matters, once again the churches were identified with the *status quo*, middle-class in composition and coloration; and with rare exceptions they seemed to me irrelevant. I recall that in answer to the question often asked as to the attitude of workers and the labor movement toward the churches I used to say in those days that in the continent of Europe the labor movement was largely hostile to the churches and Christianity; in Great Britain in the main quite friendly; whereas in this country workers were simply indifferent: they did not have the European Marxist animosity toward religion, they just felt it was irrelevant.

Nor could one point out to the unemployed and unorganized, the starving and persecuted, the stodgy, unimaginative, and passive labor movement of that era. A new labor movement with a different philosophy clearly seemed indicated. Under the circumstances, a philosophy emphasizing economic determinism, the decisive role of class struggles in human history, the enervating and corrupting influence of religion, the need of revolutionary action toward a revolutionary goal, the role of a vanguard party of dedicated revolutionaries, had an immense attraction for many of us.

There are two or three specific factors which greatly influenced my thinking and my emotional reactions which should be mentioned. In the first place, when you looked out on the scene of misery and desperation during the Depression, you saw that it was the radicals, the Left-wingers, the people who had adopted some form of Marxian philosophy, who were *doing something*

about the situation, who were banding people together for action, who were putting up a fight. Unless you were indifferent or despairing, you lined up with them. In the interests of an objective review of the situation, it must be said that in many cases these doers and fighters were Communists or those set in motion by them. So far as my experience goes, in any specific situation where there was a militant non-Communist Left, it could stand up to them, in spite of the often vicious tactics used by the C. P. But if there was a vacuum, the Communists filled it. Without them the unions in the mass-production industries would not have been built. On a larger scale, the Communists are filling a similar vacuum in many parts of the world today. They cannot be replaced by wailing about it, or by another vacuum.

Secondly, it was on the Left—and here again the Communists cannot be excluded—that one found people who were truly “religious” in the sense that they were virtually completely committed, they were betting their lives on the cause they embraced. Often they gave up ordinary comforts, security, life itself, with a burning devotion which few Christians display toward the Christ whom they profess as Lord and incarnation of God. Later I was to mourn the wastage of so much youthful devotion, and its corruption among Communists and others, which I had witnessed, as it were, from the inside. Yet the beauty and attractive power of commitment to that which we profess to believe remains—and it plays a considerable part in the contemporary world struggle.

### Vision of Kingdom Come

Besides, the Left had the vision, the dream, of a classless and warless world, as the hackneyed phrase goes. This also was a strong factor in making me feel that here, in a sense, was the true church. Here was the fellowship drawn together and drawn forward by the Judaeo-Christian prophetic vision of “a new earth in which righteousness dwelleth”. The now generally despised Christian liberals had had this vision. As neo-orthodoxy took over, that vision was scorned as naive and utopian. The “Kingdom” was something to be realized “beyond history”. And again, the Communists are those who are today able to convince vast multitudes that they do cherish the ancient dream of brotherhood realized on earth and have the determination to make it come true. This is a measure of the fall of what is called the Free World. The liberal Christians were never, in my opinion, wrong in cherishing the vision. Their mistake, and in a sense, their crime, was not to see that it was revolutionary in character and demanded revolutionary living and action of those who claimed to be its votaries.

What had become of my pacifism when I became a

Trotzkyist? I surmise that not a few of my associates of that period would say that I never ceased being a pacifist at heart and therefore never was a true-blue Marxist-Leninist—and there is something to that. At any rate, I never abandoned certain ethical attitudes which had been and are now a part of my “pacifism”, and which soon led to altercations with the comrades. Indeed, one of the things that drew me into the Trotskyist movement was the fact that Trotsky was not implicated in the crimes which Stalin perpetrated as he concentrated power in his own hands. Trotsky, moreover, in those days made trenchant criticisms of the violations of socialist or revolutionary ethics of which Stalin and Stalinists were guilty. I discounted for the time being Trotsky’s views on “terrorism” and his complicity in the shooting of the Kronstadt sailors when at a critical point in the early days of the Revolution they had revolted against bureaucratic tendencies in the Soviet government. At a later point I shall return to these questions of ethics, which led to altercations with the comrades. At the time, however, as will also be documented later, I did fully embrace the view that only revolutionary action by the working class and other elements under the leadership of a vanguard party could bring in a new social order, and that revolutionary action did not in principle exclude violence, that violence in taking over power would almost certainly be necessary and hence justified.

In a certain sense, there is no “explanation” for the fact that one who had been as deeply convinced a pacifist as I was and who, furthermore, had seen some remarkable instances of nonviolence in American labor struggles like the Lawrence strike, ceased to hold that position. You simply have to take it as one of “the facts of life”. (No doubt analysts could come up with interesting and perhaps startling deductions.) Insofar as I can make this episode intelligible to myself and others, the “explanation” goes like this: I have to *experience* ideas, rather than *think* them. I have to learn what they mean in practice, have to act them out. Also, as I have indicated in earlier installments, life, or at least responsible living, means to me being involved in the struggle against injustice and tyranny. It means acting “politically”, trying to help build a new world, or new social forms. A reviewer of a book about Albert Camus says of him that “he has not swerved from his determination to reintroduce the language of ethics into the language of politics,” and this expresses a compulsion I have felt ever since 1915.

### Pacifism in the Thirties

In the Thirties we faced a terrible situation. The ultimate betrayal, the sacrifice of my inner integrity, would have been to stay out of it, not to resist, not to be on the side of the oppressed. I did not know how to

apply nonviolence effectively to the situation. The effort to apply Gandhian methods to American conditions had scarcely begun. Pacifism was mostly a middle-class and an individualistic phenomenon. The churches certainly were not giving illustrations of spiritual force, of true community, which might have had a nonviolent but transforming influence. For a time, I tried to reconcile my Christian pacifism with involvement in the struggle as it was then taking shape. Gradually, as I said to someone in that period, I came to feel that I was more and more a caricature of a Christian pacifist and only a half-baked revolutionary, and that I had to choose. I chose revolution, recognizing that it might involve violence. (I did not, having given up my pacifism, think that I could remain a Christian.)

It is perhaps of some historic value to note that one of the people with whom I discussed my break with pacifism in those days was Reinhold Niebuhr, who did not make the same break until a couple of years later. He later recalled our conversation in a public discussion he and I held before the students of Union Theological Seminary early in World War II. I invited him to follow my example in coming back to faith in nonviolence.

As this suggests, I do not essentially regret that course I took (not that regret would do any good). But I put the theories of “lesser evil”, of “realism”, of the incapability or necessity of violence, of revolutionary dictatorship, and so on, to the test of experience. I am not beguiled by contemporary expressions of them. I know in a far deeper sense than I did thirty years ago that you cannot overcome violence by violence or establish democracy by dictatorship. I am sure my earlier experience has been helpful to me in my attempts to help develop nonviolent methods and a more revolutionary pacifist movement in later years. If people tell me that there is no clearly defined nonviolent way to deal with a situation, then I answer that we have got to experiment and find one. God knows we have experimented long enough with other methods.

The recent review of a book about Albert Camus to which I have referred says of him: “He has remained a man of the Left . . . But he is aghast at the decadence of the Left in France and elsewhere at a time when perhaps only a strong and moral non-Communist Left could save Europe and offer an alternative to sovietization of Asia”. I too, continue to consider myself a man of the Left, and I agree completely with the attitude attributed to Camus in the other sentence in that quotation. I would add two points. One, without a strong and moral non-Communist Left we shall not escape nuclear war. Two, a moral Left has to be an essentially nonviolent one. This will enable us, in a phrase of Camus’, to be “neither victims nor executioners”.

*To be continued in next issue.*



## LETTERS . . .

Dear Editors:

Stony Point, N. Y.

We can't all be the bookkeepers in this "Whorehouse." Whores there must be, customers, a cook, plumber, janitor, etc. Perhaps this makes the key image in Bernard Rosenberg's article "The University and the Corporation" (April 1959) seem silly. What I mean is: If life nowadays (perhaps always) is this difficult gloomy business, it seems especially necessary to make distinctions between more and less hopeful, useful, interesting, etc. or give up.

I liked the article when I first read it, perhaps just because of its thorough denunciations and despair, offered with much spirit. But then I had to think about it a lot in order to come up with a cover. I came up with a vision of waste: the person wasting himself as well as the institution wasting him. For after all, what is one to do with one's energies after such a last paragraph as that one on *the bookkeepers in the whorehouse*?

Now I don't think I am asking the man for a plan of reform. I don't expect him or myself or anyone else to solve the problem of **THE UNIVERSITY IN AMERICA** or **THE CORPORATION IN AMERICA** (and if someone knew exactly how, I would beware) but when I read an article by a lively person who has been around those places I want to get some idea of what ideally the man wants; what would interest and excite him in his work. This might remind the reader of what he himself wants ideally and perhaps by the manner of stating or by some new insight of courage make possible any next steps that are in his way to take, as, not going to college, but going to Mr. X who could help him learn directly something he wants to know, going back with a new intention to the teaching he left, becoming interested in elementary schools, taking up again the possibility of starting his own school with friends, understanding better his 18 year old neighbor, voting against school centralization in his neighborhood, giving more attention to the proposed community college . . . I give these examples to show the order of actions I have in mind, small immediate actions.

It seems to me that Bernard Rosenberg's article doesn't bring one in on these actions because he leaves no choice; everything is as bad as everything else and useful and necessary details and distinctions get lost to view being covered all equally with scorn.

I suppose the main value of the article is in quashing illusions about the life of the scholar in the universities now that these are becoming more and more part of a monolithic structure. But after the illusions are quashed, there still have to be real things to do and places to do them. If everything is bad, where's to go? Once you say to hell with psychic income then you go where the pay is best but then you shouldn't complain that sex is for sale there (and not even tell us if the pay is good). If we in fact (though how could there be such a fact) are in **THE PENULTIMATE STAGES OF DEHUMANIZATION**, doesn't this **PSYCHIC** income (which I take to mean one's pleasure and interest in the work) become the most important matter?

Vera Williams

□

Dear Editors:

Chappaqua, N. Y.

The April issue is excellent! The editorials on Berlin and the nuclear race are forthright and resounding! Ginsberg's poems are superb! Colin Ward's article is outstanding!

Mike Ward

Dear Editors:

Greensboro, N. C.

Your February issue makes at least two notable contributions, as I see it. First, your adoption of signed editorials. I never did like anonymous letters, nor articles, nor editorials. When there is only one editor then "we" may be understood to be that one, but a great many publications could well follow your example of, shall I say, self-liberation. Congratulations!

And the article on community housing ("Travellers of the Lower Depths" by Staughton Lynd) seems to me to contain more practical common sense, and real appreciation of what people need in the matter of housing than anything I have seen. I get so fed up on these "do-gooders" who think only in terms of buildings.

Ada M. Field

□

Dear Editors:

Boulder, Colo.

Now being out of school and holding a job, I can no longer live without **LIBERATION**. Please enter my subscription for one year.

Bob Michener

□

Dear Editors:

Glen Gardner, N. J.

Your readers might be interested to know that the following statement, which was informally circulated by friends of Maurice McCrackin, has been signed by 734 persons. McCrackin will complete a six-month prison sentence April 29, but may not be released from jail, since he refuses to pay a \$250 fine and has asked his friends not to pay it for him.

*As long as four-fifths of an individual's taxes go for past, present and future wars, it is understandable why pacifists have conscientious scruples against paying taxes, just as they have conscientious scruples against engaging in military combat. Woolman, Thoreau and Gandhi, well-known and honored persons in history, openly refused to pay taxes even though their refusal was a direct violation of the law. Rev. Maurice McCrackin, in his long refusal to pay income taxes for war, stands within this tradition. For this we admire and respect him.*

McCrackin's article "They Took the Body" appeared in the October, 1958 **LIBERATION**.

Al Uhric

## SIGN OF THE TIMES

continued from page 10

Garst went on to say that this error did not alter the basic situation, and that its editors stood by the policy of withholding information as set forth in Garst's letter reproduced above. Muste asked Garst to put this in writing for the record. He refused. Muste then suggested that the *Times* publish his letter of March 20 in its Letters column, and comment on it, if it wished. Garst said that the letter would be sent to the Letters department, which would make its own decision about printing it.

On April 13, Muste received a letter from Louise Polk Huger, "letter editor" of the New York *Times*, saying:

I am sorry that it is not possible to publish your communication at this late date. As no doubt you are aware, we published four letters protesting Project Argus at the time the news broke.

None of the letters to which Miss Huger refers had anything to do with the *Times'* handling of the Argus story.



## CALL TO NONVIOLENT ACTION AGAINST NUCLEAR MISSILES at the Omaha, Nebraska, ICBM Bases and throughout the United States

To all who realize that no magic or miracle will stop war while we sit idly by;  
We invite you to join us in acting for peace nationally at the missile bases near  
Omaha in the center of the country.

### ACTION WILL INCLUDE

Public meetings in Lincoln, June 18, and Omaha, June 19

Training session of participants, including leaflet distribution, conferences  
with public officials and opinion makers, and visitation to churches—  
June 20-21

Walks from Lincoln and Omaha to Mead ICBM construction site, distributing  
literature, sharing our concern with individuals and groups on the way,  
inviting them to join us—June 22-24

Vigil at entrance of ICBM base, contacting officials and workers at the base  
—June 24-30

July 1, beginning of direct action involving civil disobedience, while  
vigil continues, such as attempting to walk into the Base and nonviolent  
intervention by standing and sitting at the entrance

### APPEAL TO CONSCIENCE

Our appeal will be to the sense of personal responsibility in every man,  
for example:

Citizens can find new ways to convince those in public office that our  
country's goal should be withdrawal, unilaterally if necessary, from all  
preparation for war, thus setting an example which might break the  
vicious circle of distrust which now binds mankind;

Scientists can refuse to work on weapons of mass destruction;

Laborers can refuse to build missile bases;

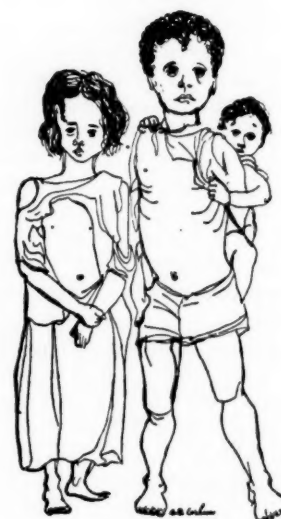
Union members can strike and mutually find constructive work;

Youth can refuse to submit to conscription;

Taxpayers can refuse to provide funds to make weapons of genocide;

Church members can work to bring the action of their churches in line  
with their profession of faith in the way of love.

All action at the Omaha missile bases will be taken in the spirit of nonviolence  
and of consideration for all men, speaking to the best in each man so as to  
win him to a new way of life. Any civil disobedience will be in the Gandhian  
spirit of accepting arrest and penalty.



### OMAHA ACTION Nonviolence Against Nuclear Missiles

5729 Dorchester Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

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Jack Bollen  
Lindley J. Burton  
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Kenneth Calkins

Ralph DiGia  
Erica Enzer  
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